



THE PHANTOM AND DEVIL ARE AMERICA-BOUND, IN A FERRY BOMBER.



SINCE WHEN ARE DOGS GETTING PRIORITIES ON THESE FERRIES, COLONEL?

THAT'S NO DOG--IT'S A WOLF.



THAT MAN IS THE MASKED COMMANDER OF BENGALI--THE HERO OF THE OOLAN.



YEAH--ON THIS PLANE!

WOW! I WAS A REPORTER BEFORE THIS WAR. CAUGHT UP WITH ME. THAT'S A STORY! RADIO IT IN!

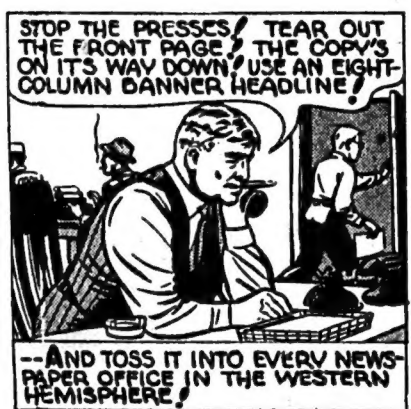


YEP--GOT HIS WOLF WITH HIM!

FROM THE FERRY BOMBER COMES THE EXCITING NEWS!



NEWS WIRE SERVICES SNATCH UP THE STORY--



STOP THE PRESSES! TEAR OUT THE FRONT PAGE! THE COPY'S ON ITS WAY DOWN! USE AN EIGHT-COLUMN DANNER HEADLINE!

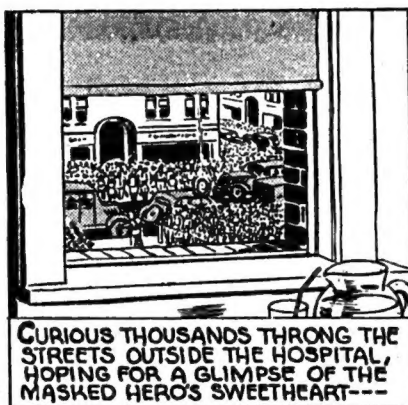
--AND TOSS IT INTO EVERY NEWS-PAPER OFFICE IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!



NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE COMING, DEVIL. NOT EVEN DIANA. WE'LL HAVE SOME REST AND QUIET.



SORRY--SHE'S TOO ILL--NO INTERVIEWS.

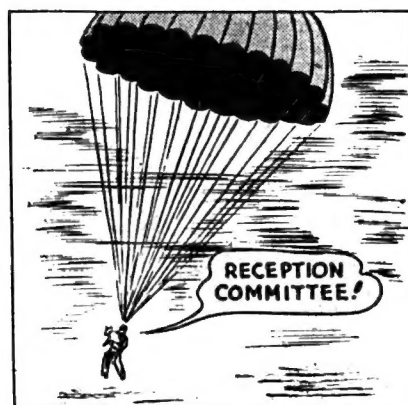
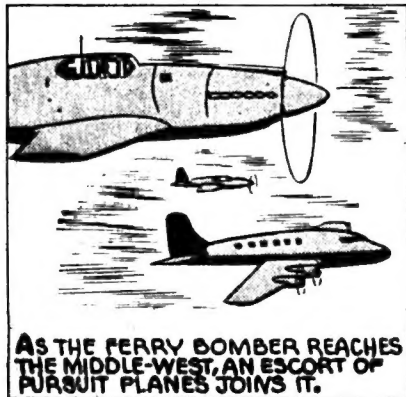


CURIOUS THOUSANDS THROG THE STREETS OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, HOPING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE MASKED HERO'S SWEETHEART---

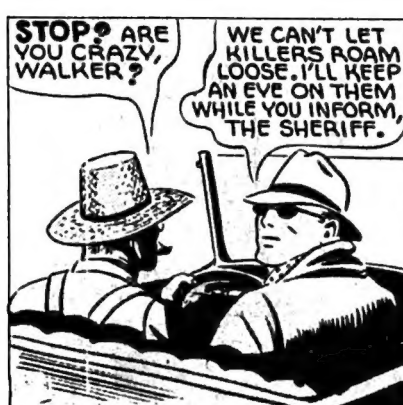
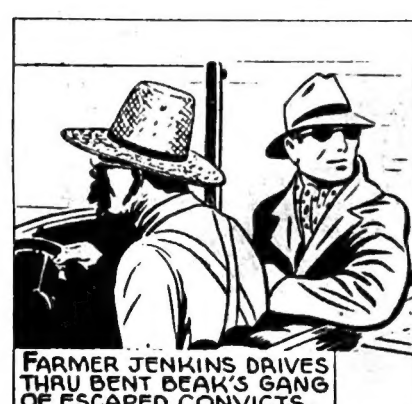
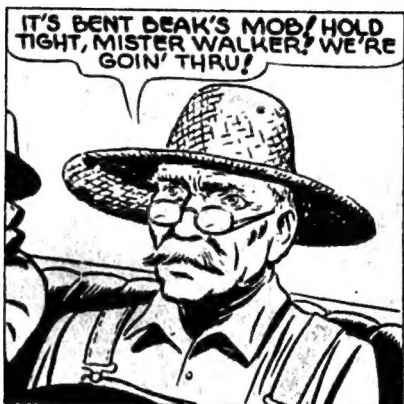
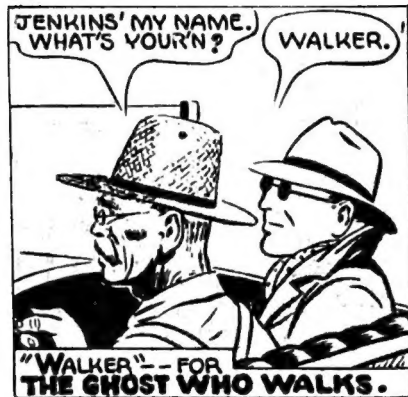


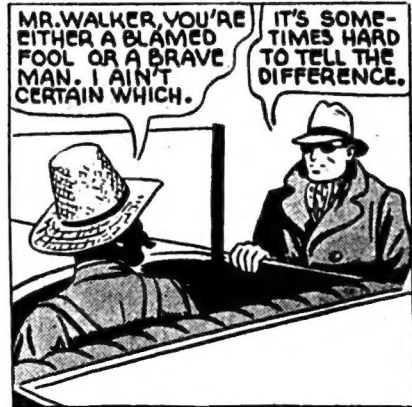
BYRON--WHAT IS--ALL THAT--NOISE--?

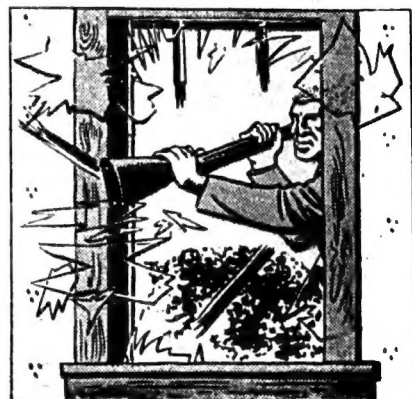
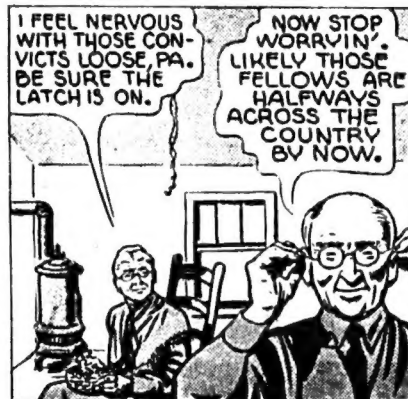
IT SOUNDS LIKE THE PHANTOM IS COMING TO TOWN!

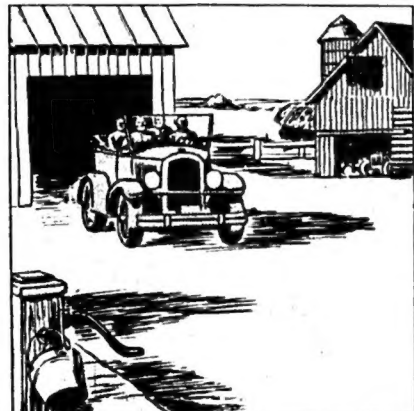


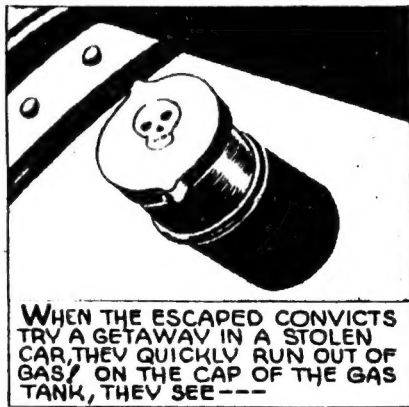


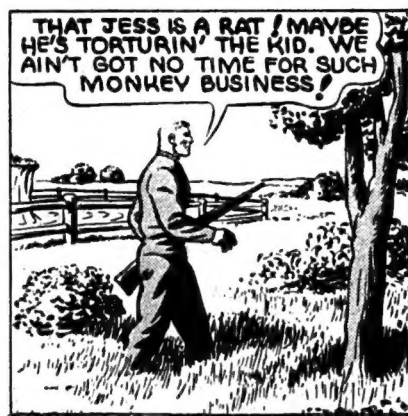


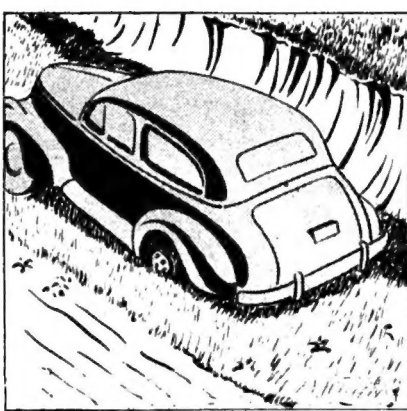


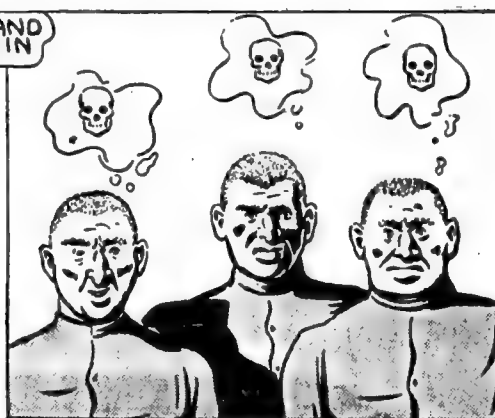
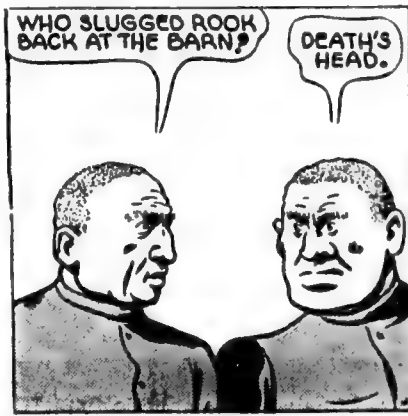
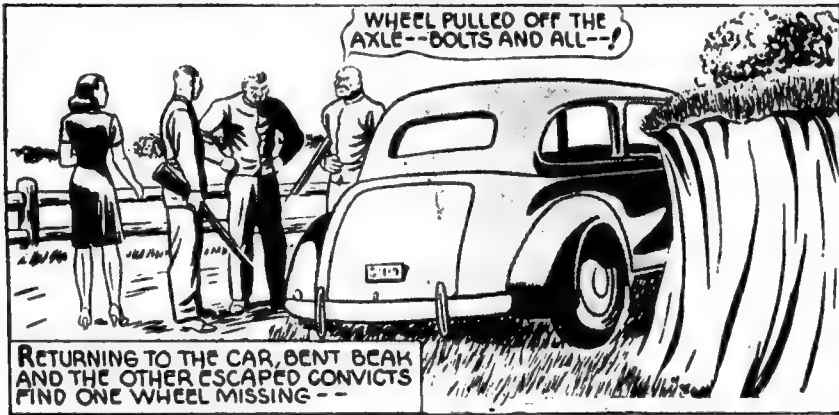


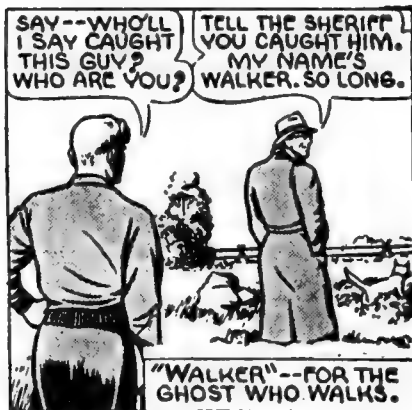














THE STORY, SO FAR:

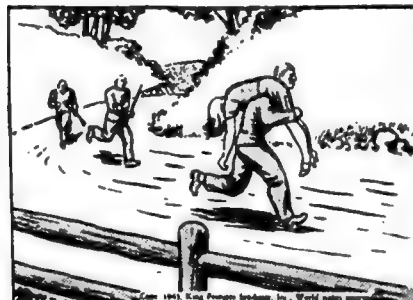
BENT BEAK BRODER AND FOUR OTHER LIFERS BREAK OUT OF PRISON -- THEY SUCCEED IN ELUDING THE PURSUING POSSE ---



THEN, AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO STEAL A FARMER'S CAR, ONE OF THEM IS FOUND KNOCKED OUT -- WITH A STRANGE DEATH'S HEAD MARK ON HIS JAW ---



THEY KIDNAP A GIRL AS A HOSTAGE -- BUT THE DEATH'S HEAD DOGS THEIR TRAIL --



NOW, ONLY THREE ARE LEFT -- HAUNTED BY A NEMESIS THAT NONE OF THEM HAS EVEN SEEN --



DO LIKE I TOLD YOU -- AND REMEMBER, I GOT THIS SHOTGUN POINTING AT YOU!



LOOKIT -- AHEAD. HITCH-HIKER!

LOOKS PURTY!



AIN'T SUPPOSED TO PICK UP HITCH-HIKERS, ED.

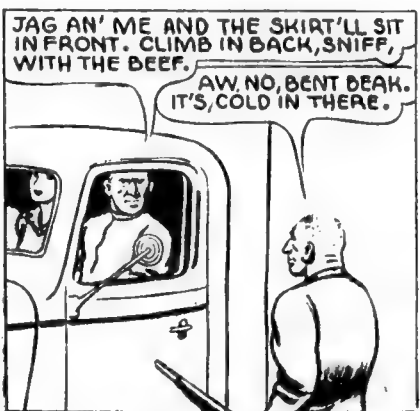
NO RULE ABOUT NOT GIVIN' A PURTY GAL A RIDE.



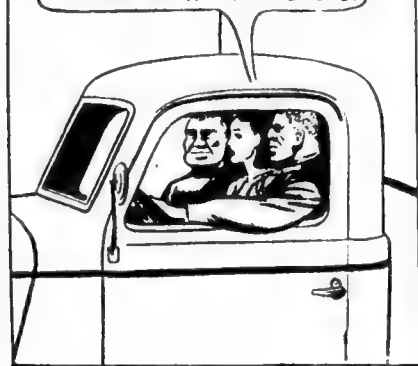
GOIN' OUR WAY, HONEY?



YEAH!



SEE HOW SNIFF'S DOIN' IN THE ICEBOX WITH THEM DEEFS.



HOW YOU DOIN' BACK THERE, SNIFF? DON'T GOBBLE UP ALL THE DEEF.



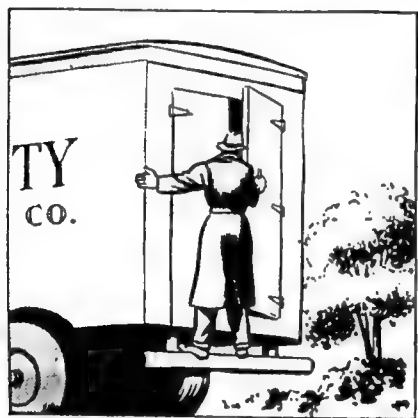
I'M FREEZIN' IN HERE! HOW ABOUT LETTIN' ME UP FRONT?



SHUT THAT THING, JAG. THAT COLD AIR'S BLOWIN' ON MY NECK.



HEY--THIS AIN'T NO JOKE! I'LL FREEZE IN HERE! I AIN'T NO DRESSED DEEF!



LISTEN AT 'IM VELL. YOU CAN SWITCH WITH HIM IN A FEW MILES, JAG.

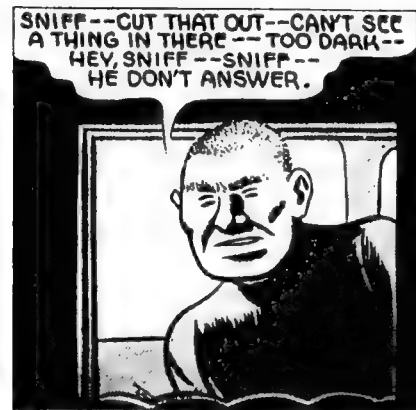
AW, NO, BENT BEAK. IT AIN'T GOOD FOR MY SINUS.

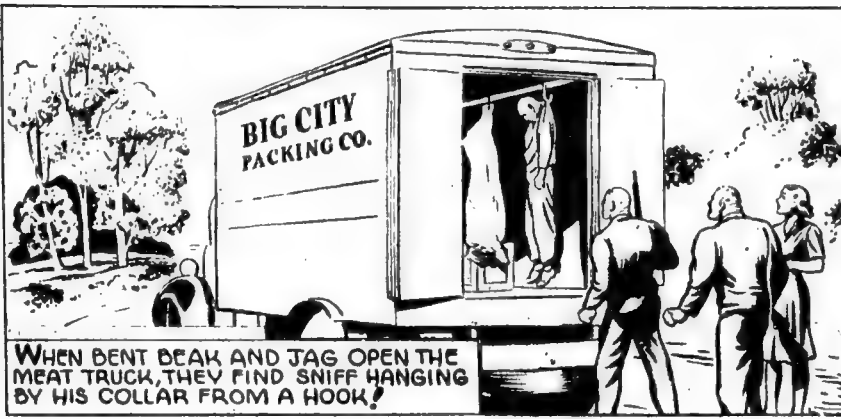


SNIFF'S PIPED DOWN.

MEDDIE HE FRUZZ INTO A HUNKA ICE.







WHEN BENT DEAK AND JAG OPEN THE MEAT TRUCK, THEY FIND SNIFF HANGING BY HIS COLLAR FROM A HOOK!



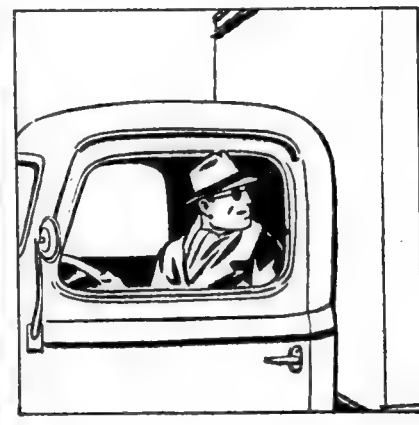
IS HE-- DEAD?

NO-- JUST KNOCK-ED COLD---LOOK-- ON HIS JAW---

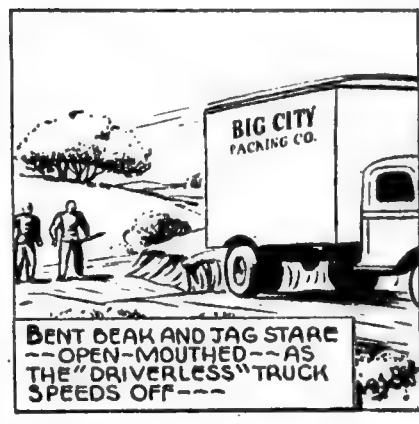


THE HAUNT-- DONE IT--!

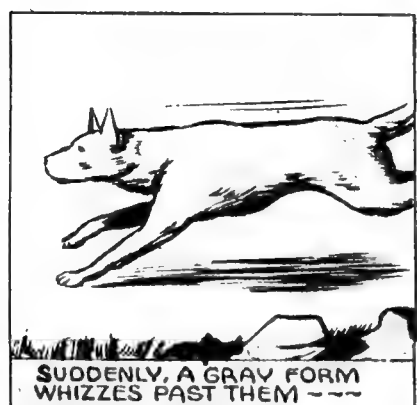
I'LL LOOK INSIDE THE TRUCK--



NOBODY IN THERE--HEY-- THE TRUCK'S MOVIN'!



BENT DEAK AND JAG STARE --OPEN-MOUTHED-- AS THE "DRIVERLESS" TRUCK SPEEDS OFF---

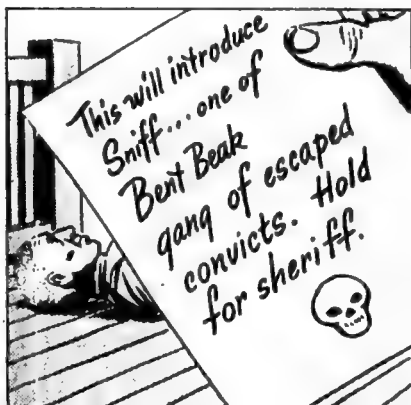
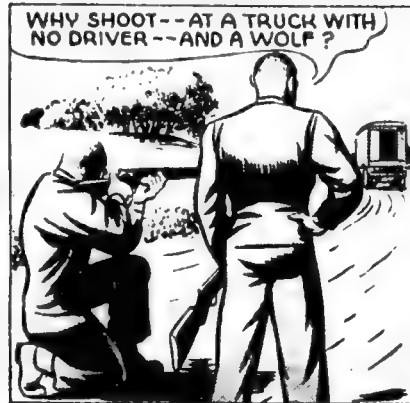


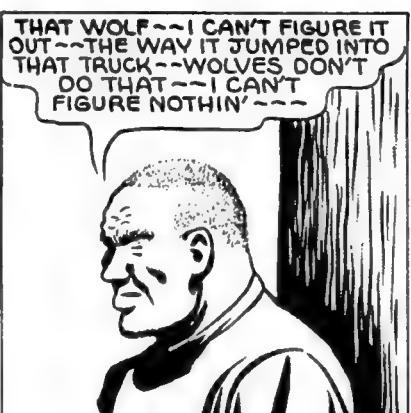
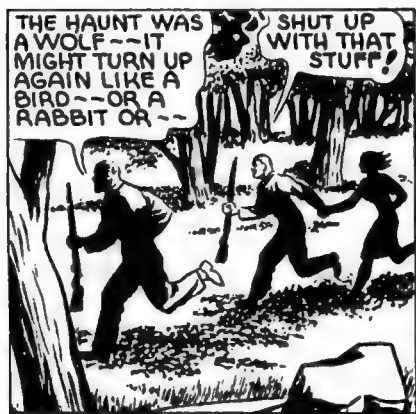
SUDDENLY, A GRAY FORM WHIZZES PAST THEM ---



A DOG---

THAT WAS A-- WOLF!











NONE OF US ARE SLEEPIN'! WE GOTTA STAY AWAKE 'TIL WE REACH TOWN!



THEY'RE BOTH NERVOUS AS CATS. I'VE GOT TO GET THAT GIRL AWAY FROM THEM-- BEFORE THEY SHOOT HER!



THIS IS GOING TO BE A CLOSE PLAY! THESE CLOTHES ARE LIABLE TO GET IN MY WAY.



THIS VINE IS STRONG, BUT THIN. I'LL HAVE TO WEAVE A FEW TOGETHER.

WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?



NIGHT IN THE WOODS--THE JUNGLE-TRAINED PHANTOM WORKS RAPIDLY, WEAVING VINES TOGETHER--



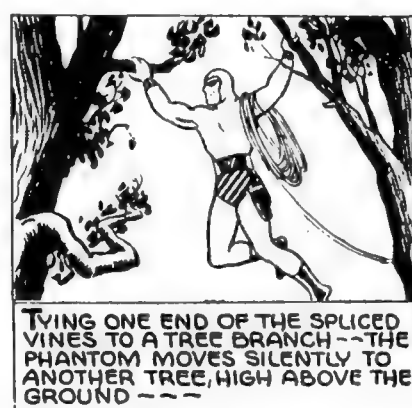
THIS TREE OUGHT TO BE RIGHT.



WAIT THERE FOR ME, DEVIL.



HIGH IN THE TREE, HE TIES ONE END OF THE VINE TO A HEAVY BRANCH. WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO?



TYING ONE END OF THE SPLICED VINES TO A TREE BRANCH--THE PHANTOM MOVES SILENTLY TO ANOTHER TREE, HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND--



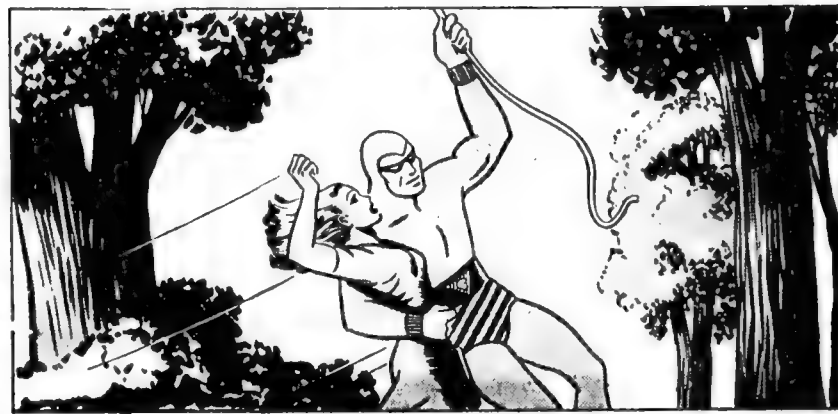
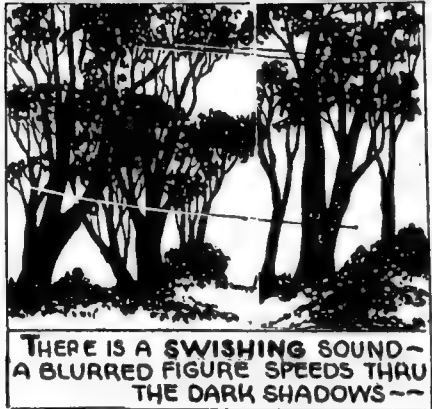
GUESS I COULD SHOOT BOTH OF THEM--BUT THAT'S THE SHERIFF'S JOB-- BESIDES, THE GIRL MIGHT GET HURT--

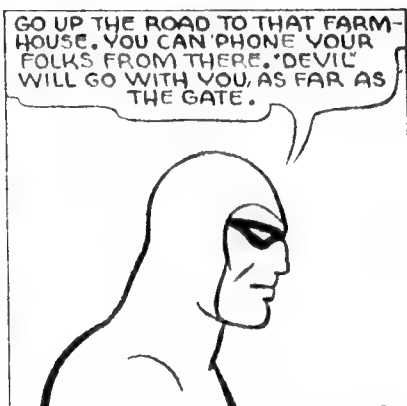


NO--I HAVE TO GET THAT GIRL AWAY FROM THEM BEFORE I CAN DO ANYTHING ELSE!

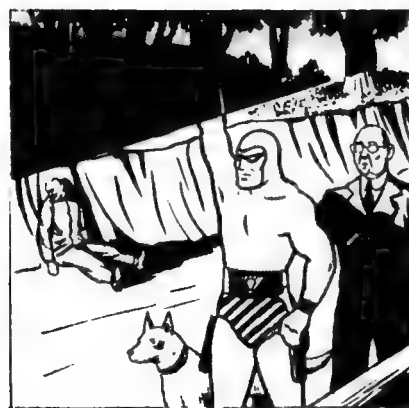


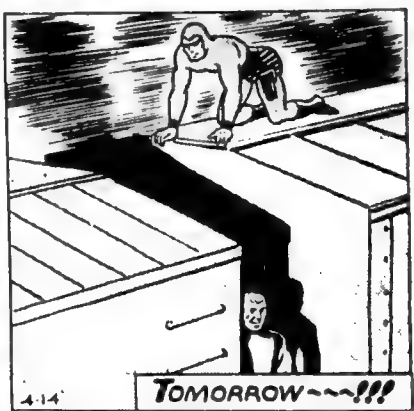
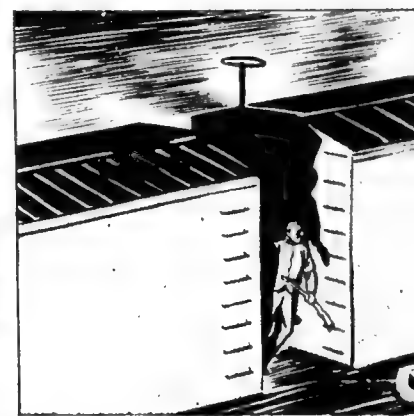
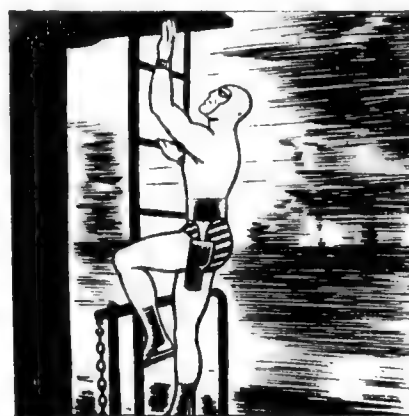
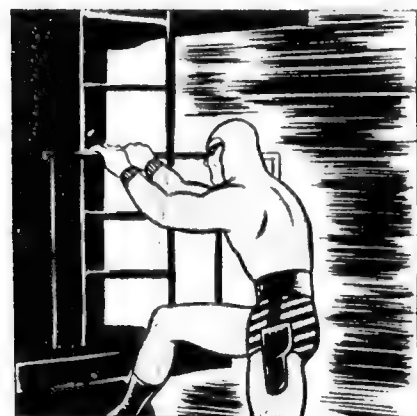
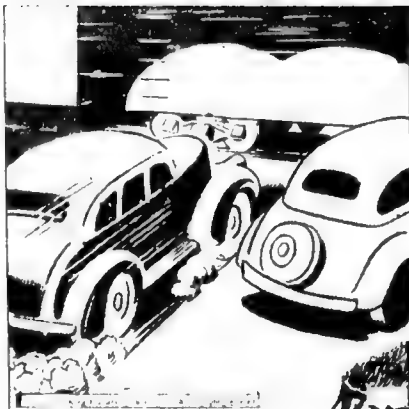
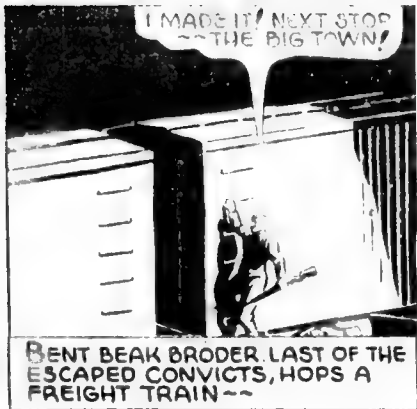
CAN THE PHANTOM GET THE GIRL FROM THESE TWO ARMED KILLERS?

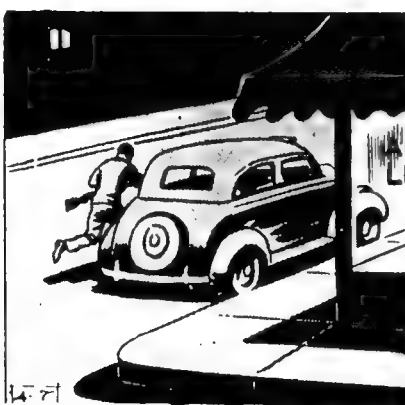
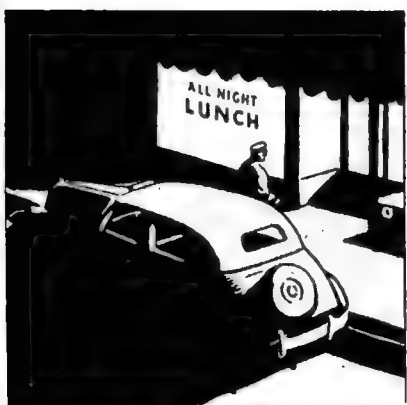


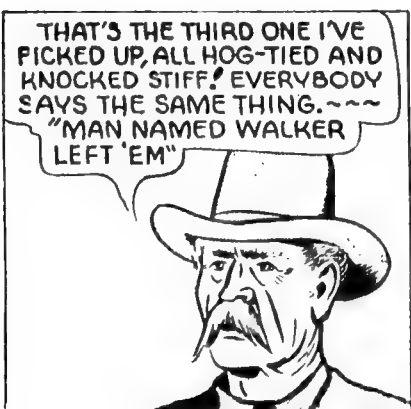
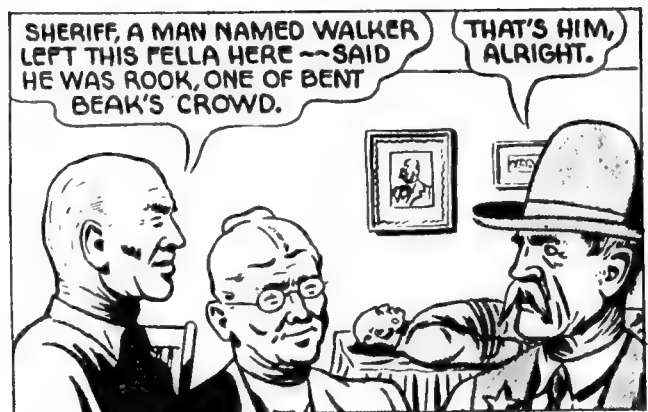
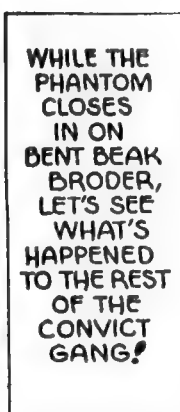
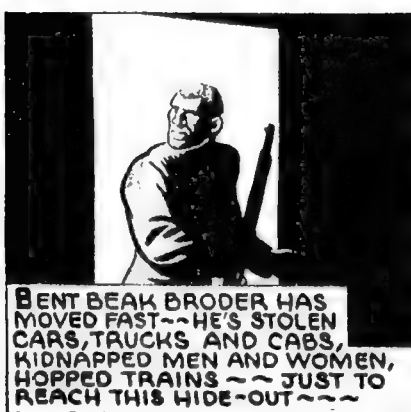
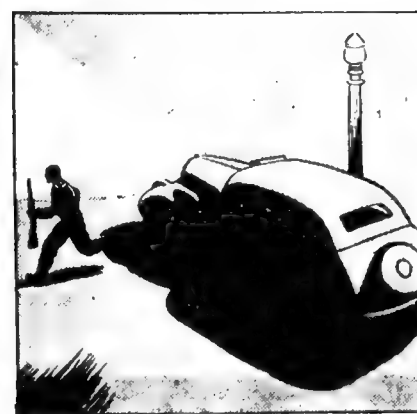
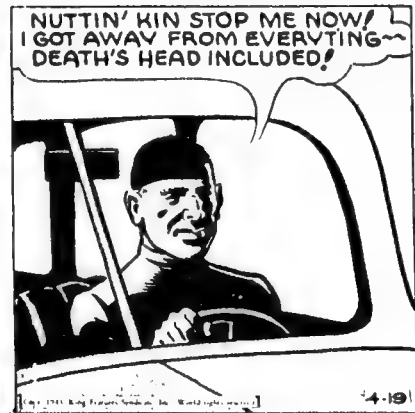












WELL, WARDEN, I WAS DAIVIN' ALONG. SOME FELLA WEARIN' A MASK 'N' A FUNNY SUIT STOPS ME AND DUMPS THIS BIRD IN THE BACK SEAT.



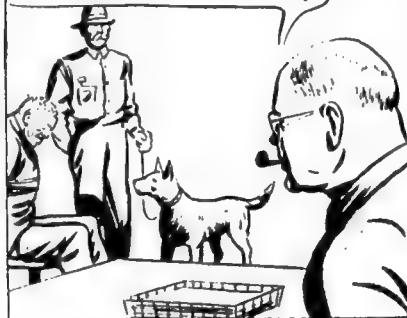
THEN WE CHASE ANOTHER AUTO --AN' THIS MASKED FELLA JUMPS OUT TO HOP A TRAIN-- AN' HE TELLS ME TO LEAVE HIS WOLF AT THE STATION!



MASKED FELLOW WITH A FUNNY SUIT? LEAVE HIS WOLF AT THE STATION? SAY--ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME?



THAT'S A WOLF, ALRIGHT! AND THAT'S JAG IN THE CHAIR-- NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT!



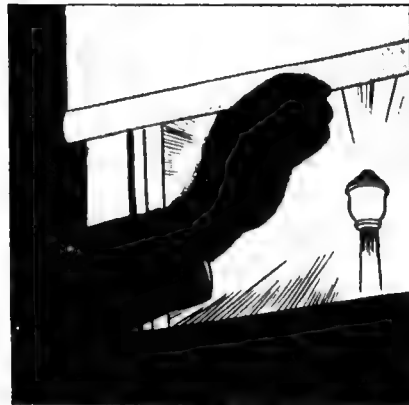
SOMEBODY HIT HIM MIGHTY HARD--AND WHAT'S THAT MARK ON HIS JAW?--LOOKS LIKE A SKULL!



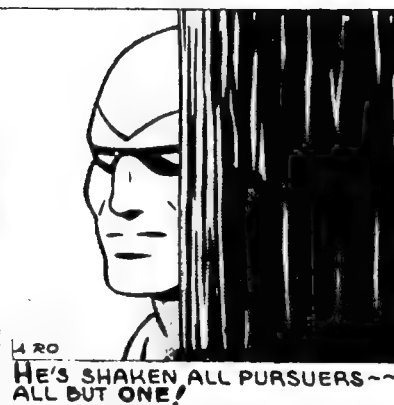
WARDEN, THIS IS THE SHERIFF OF FAIRFAX COUNTY. I GOT THREE OF BENT BEAK BRODER'S MOB-- FELLOW NAMED WALKER LEFT THEM ALL OVER THE COUNTY FOR ME TO PICK UP--

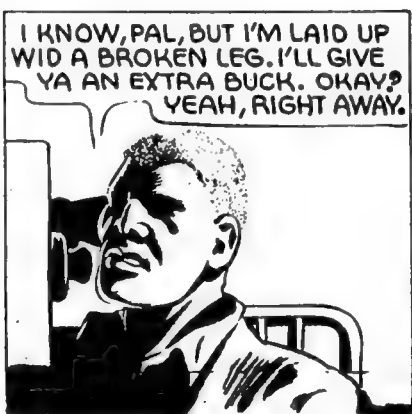
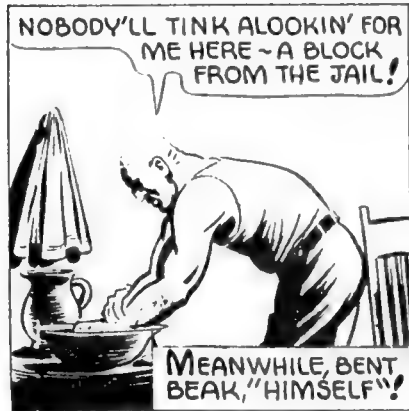
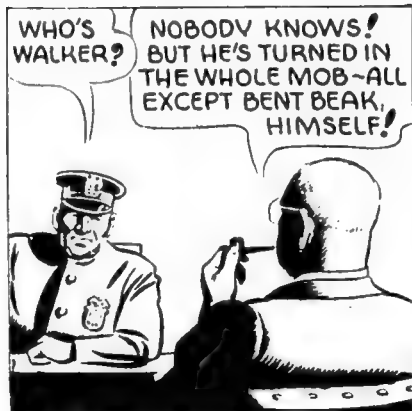
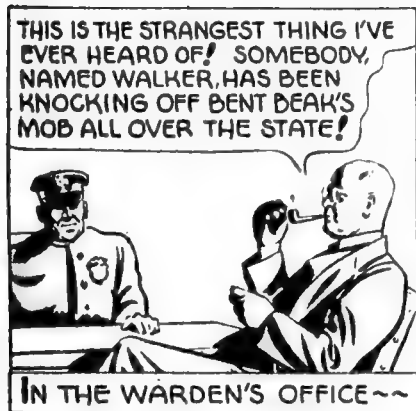


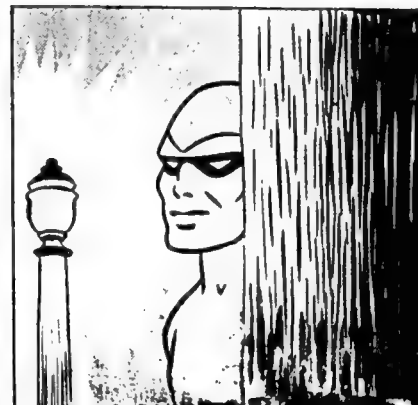
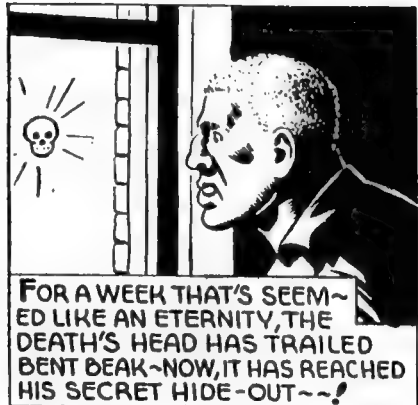
WHO IS THIS WALKER? NOBODY KNOWS. THESE BIRDS ARE JUST COMIN'-TO- THEY ALL GOT FUNNY MARKS ON THEIR JAWS-- LIKE SKULLS!

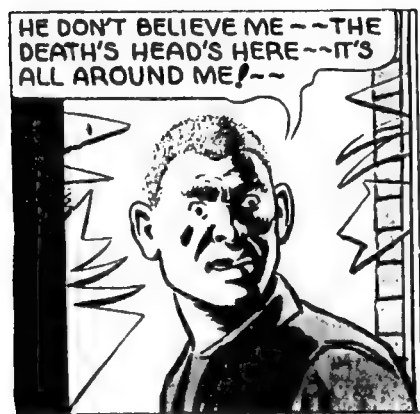
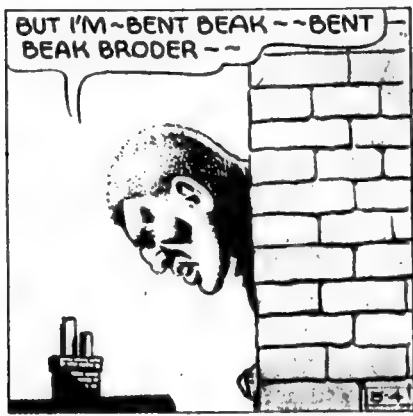
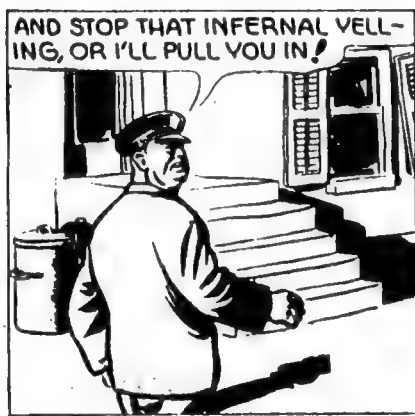
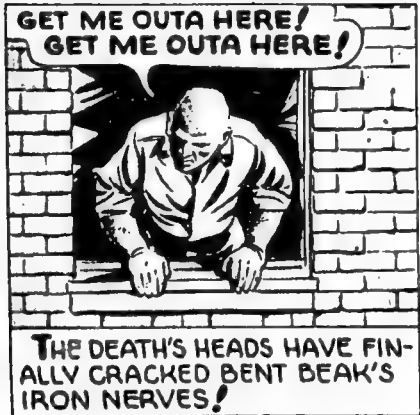


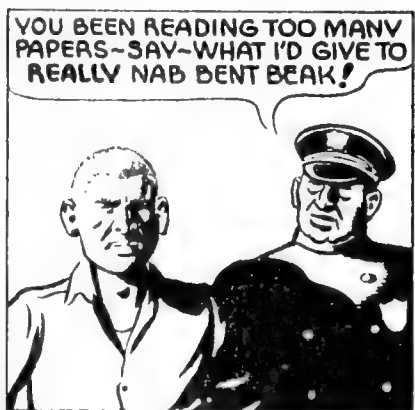
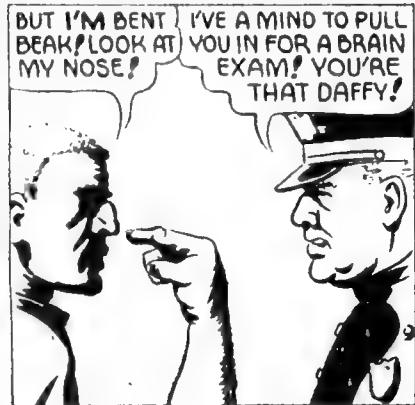
AHHHH--SAFE --AT LAST!

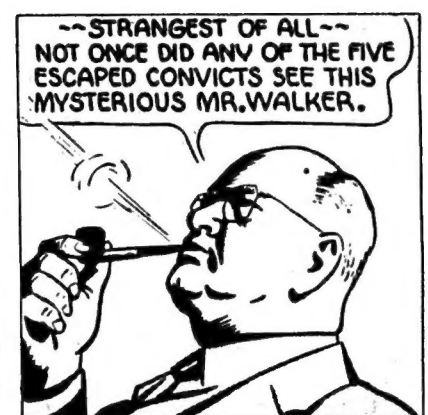
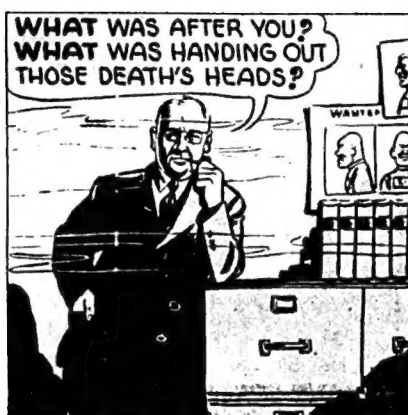


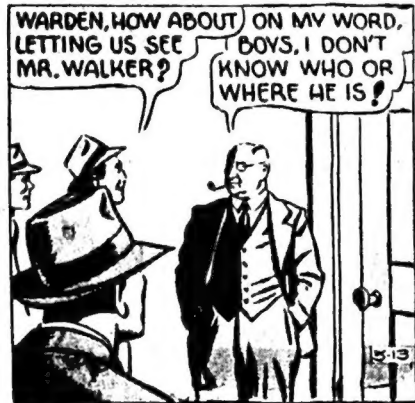






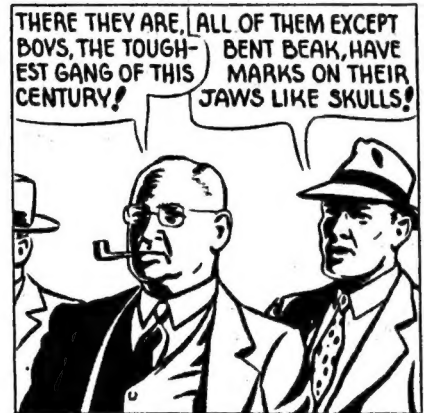








BENT BEAK
AND HIS MOB-
BACK IN
THE HANDS OF
THE LAW,
AFTER A
JAIL-BREAK
THAT
TERRORIZED
THE NATION!



THERE THEY ARE,
ALL OF THEM EXCEPT
BOYS, THE TOUGH-
EST GANG OF THIS
CENTURY!

BENT BEAK, HAVE
MARKS ON THEIR
JAWS LIKE SKULLS!



WE'VE TRIED EVERY SOAP KNOWN TO
MANKIND-WE'VE RUBBED AND SCRUB-
BED THEM-THEY WON'T COME OFF!
MEMENTOS FROM MR. WALKER!



WELL-HERE WE ARE
-BACK WHERE
WE STARTED!

AN' NONE OF US
EVER KNEW
WHAT HIT US!

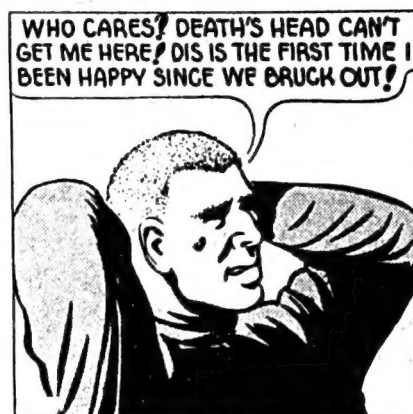


BENT BEAK-WHO DO YOU FIGGER
THAT DEATH'S HEAD WAS? PAPERS
CALL HIM "MR. WALKER."



PAPERS DON'T HAVE
NO PICTURES OF
"MR. WALKER!" "AIN'T
NO SUCH MISTER!
WAS A-HOODOO!

SOME OF US
ARE GONNA GET
THE HOT SEAT,
BENT BEAK!



WHO CARES! DEATH'S HEAD CAN'T
GET ME HERE! DIS IS THE FIRST TIME I
BEEN HAPPY SINCE WE BRUCK OUT!



WISH I KNEW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THAT WOLF,
WARDEN.

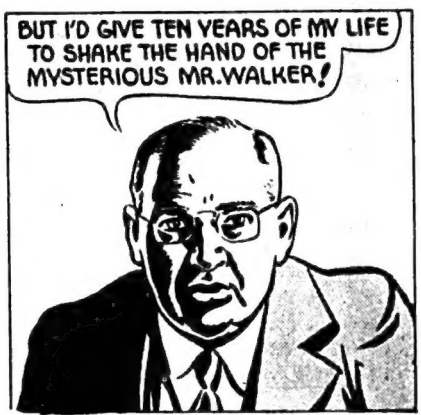
THIS IS THE MOST
CURIOUS CASE I'VE
EVER KNOWN!



HOW ONE MAN, SINGLE-HANDED,
COULD ROUND UP BENT BEAK'S MOB
-WITHOUT EVER LETTING THEM
SEE HIM!



I'VE BEEN IN THIS GAME FORTY
YEARS. I'M NOT A YOUNG MAN,
AND I HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER TO GO-



BUT I'D GIVE TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE
TO SHAKE THE HAND OF THE
MYSTERIOUS MR. WALKER!

